

**"DEATH,
DANGER and
DIAMONDS"**

Renegade
Press

MAX COLLINS and TERRY BEATTY'S

Ms. TREE 3-D

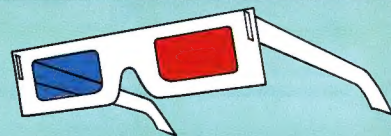
1
AUG
250
IN CANADA
200
IN U.S.



SPECIAL GUEST
MIKE MIST

SEE THIS COVER
IN **3-D** ACTION
INSIDE!

**FREE
3-D** SPECS
WITH EVERY
COMIC!



A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER



As you can see, this issue of **Ms. Tree** is a bit, oh, different. The idea of doing a 3D issue, out of the sequence of the **Ms. Tree** storyline, came up not long after **AVin3D** was published. There are a lot of reasons to do a 3D book, and I imagine that both the interest in planning a 3D book (the kinds of fun things you can do with 3D are endless) and the idea of introducing the book and its characters to a new audience are motivating factors. I know that as the time drew closer for this issue to come out, the excitement was growing with Max, Terry, myself, and Ray Zone. You may remember Ray's name from **AVin3D**, for he is the master of 3D. In fact, if you are a 3D fan, and have bought any number of the several 3D projects that have hit the comic market in the last year, you've probably seen his handiwork before.

I just have to, with a bit of pride, point out the backgrounds in this issue. Gary Kato, who assists Terry, really knocked himself out this issue. Terry told me that besides the art chores on the book, Gary (who lives in Hawaii) spent a lot of time photographing his home territory for Terry. He also spent a lot of extra time on the book to ensure that everything in it looks authentic. It's a wonderful job, Gary. Now when do I get to come and write an editorial from Hawaii?

In my trips around Los Angeles this month, I began noticing a new crop of billboards. Now, in a city as entertainment-oriented as L.A., there is always a constant barrage of billboards advertising a studio's latest movie or some record company's hot new album. The fact is, after a month or so of living here, I got so used to them that they became part of the background. These billboards, however, were not advertising the "local talent." They were advertising missing children. Some were advertising the same two boys, in fact, that were advertised in **Ms. Tree** #16. I wish I could say that soon after this they were found, but the sad truth is that the number of faces showing up on billboards has increased since we ran that ad in the runaways issue. If these billboards are in your town, take the time for a good long look. If you see someone suspicious hanging around your neighborhood, report it. This is not the time to hang back—a boy's life may depend upon your willingness to get involved. Think about a younger brother, or sister, or a cousin you have. Who is to say they aren't as vulnerable?

Next issue we will be returning to our continuing story-line in **Ms. Tree**, as Max and Terry conclude the Muerta tale. I will warn you that the next few issues are going to contain events that will lead to Michael starting to feel all the pigeons come home to roost. There are repercussions for all the "work" **Ms. Tree**'s taken on herself lately. Even private detectives have to pay the bill, sooner or later. But right now, let's see how **Ms. Tree** and Mike Mist fare against a most deadly team of con artists in a story filled with Death, Danger, and Diamonds. Read on . . .

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Ms. TREE

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"DEATH, ^{tree} MIST-TREE by MAX COLLINS DANGER and & TERRY BEATTY DIAMONDS"

ART ASSIST AND LETTERING: GARY KATO

3-D PROCESS: RAY ZONE

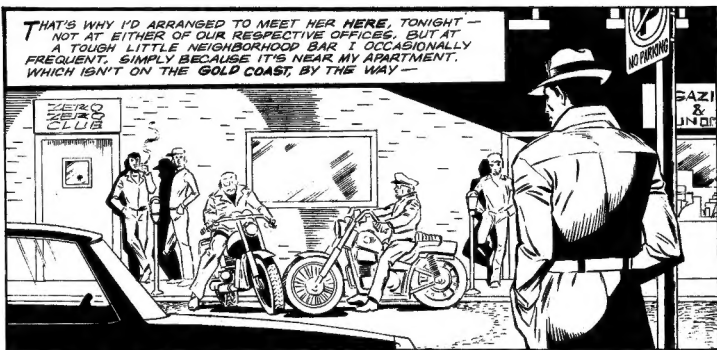
CHAPTER ONE DEAR DEAD DARLING

THE NAME IS MIST. MIKE MIST. I HAVE
A LITTLE ONE-MAN AGENCY—
NOTHING SO ELABORATE AS THAT
FANCY SUITE OF OFFICES HOUSING
TREE INVESTIGATIONS, INC.

BUT I CAN UNDERSTAND
MS. TREE'S SUCCESS,
SHE HAS A
REPUTATION FOR GETTING
THINGS DONE —
HER OWN WAY —



THAT'S WHY I'D ARRANGED TO MEET HER HERE, TONIGHT — NOT AT EITHER OF OUR RESPECTIVE OFFICES, BUT AT A TOUGH LITTLE NEIGHBORHOOD BAR I OCCASIONALLY FREQUENT, SIMPLY BECAUSE IT'S NEAR MY APARTMENT, WHICH ISN'T ON THE GOLD COAST, BY THE WAY —



I WAS EARLY, BECAUSE I WAS MEETING SOMEONE ELSE, FIRST —



DAMNIT, MIKE — YA MADE ME MISS MY SHOT!

YOU'RE NOT MUSTLING THE LOCALS, I HOPE.



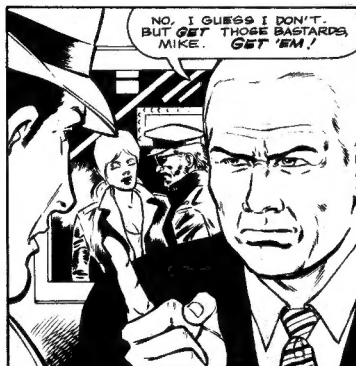
"HARDLY. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE JOINT IN THAT MOVIE WHERE THEY BROKE PAUL NEWMAN'S HANDS. HANG OUT HERE MUCH, MIKE?"



NOT MUCH. WHAT'S THE WORD?

D.A. SAYS NIX. NO WAY WE CAN PROSECUTE, AND YOUR FRIENDS HOPPED A JET THIS MORNING.





"BESIDES, YOUR LITTLE NEIGHBORHOOD TAVERN LOOKS ABOUT READY TO EXPLODE, MIKE —"



"— AND THEN I'D HAVE TO GET OUT MY BADGE AND EARN SOME OF THAT MONEY THE TAXPAYERS HAVE BEEN LAVISHIN' ON ME."



HEY, MAMA — YOU AIN'T GOIN' IN THAT DEN OF NICOTINE ALONE, ARE YA? LET ME BE YOUR BODYGUARD —

NOT IF THE SPECIES DEPENDED ON IT. BY THE WAY, YOUR HARLEY'S LEAKING OIL.



MS. TREE!
OVER
HERE —





COZY LITTLE PLACE YOU PICKED.
LOOKS LIKE THE "DELIVERANCE"
CAST PARTY.



HEY, IT'S AN
OUT-OF-THE-WAY
PLACE FOR US TO
TALK, OKAY?

SO'S HONG KONG,
BUT THIS IS SO MUCH
MORE CONVENIENT.
WHAT'S TO TALK
ABOUT, ANYWAY?



MURDER,
MS. TREE.



WHY,
WHICH CLIENT OR
FRIEND OF YOURS
BOUGHT IT THIS
TIME, MIST?



Damn you.
I should never
have called you...

HEY, I'M SORRY. I WAS
JUST NEEDLING YOU, LIKE
USUAL. THIS - THIS IS
SERIOUS, ISN'T IT, MIST?

"YES, IT IS. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A STORY, MS. TREE. LIKE THE MAN SAID - IT'S SAD, BUT TRUE -"

AFTER ONE IN THE MORNING! WHO COULD BE -



MIKE, DON'T BE MAD. PLEASE, DON'T BE MAD - IT'S CLARISSE - I NEED HELP -

"I HADN'T HEARD FROM CLARISSE IN OVER A YEAR - SHE'D BEEN MIXED UP IN A CONFIDENCE GAME, WHEN I FIRST RAN ACROSS HER -"



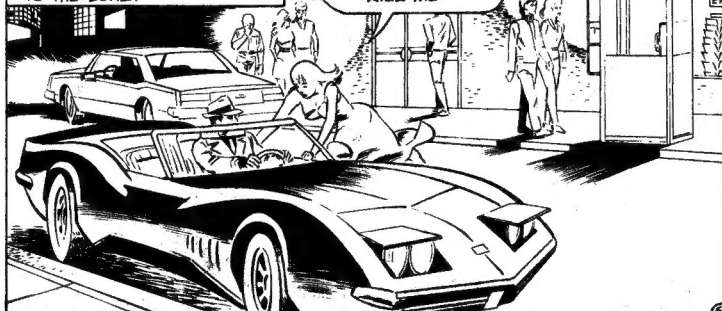
"I FELL FOR HER. HOOK, LINE AND... WELL, SHE MOVED IN WITH ME. SHE WAS GOING TO GO STRAIGHT - BUT I STARTED TALKING MARRIAGE TOO SOON. I GUESS, AND, SUDDENLY, SHE WAS GONE -"

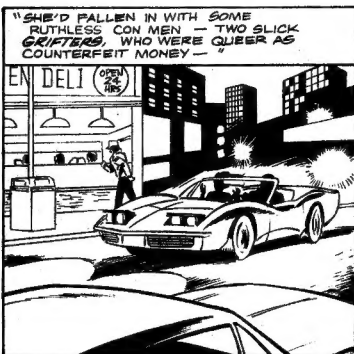


"THIS WAS OUR FIRST CONTACT SINCE. AND NOW HERE SHE WAS AGAIN - SCARED. TO THE BONE."

GOLD DOR INN

MIKE, TAKE ME WITH YOU. HIDE ME! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME -







'BERT **LIKES** TO HURT,' CLARISSE SAID.
'HE CLAIMED HE ONLY SHOT BECAUSE
HE PANICKED, BUT I THINK HE
JUMPED AT THE CHANCE...'



'WHATEVER THE CASE, HE WAS COOL
ENOUGH AFTER TO CALL **ERNIE**—'

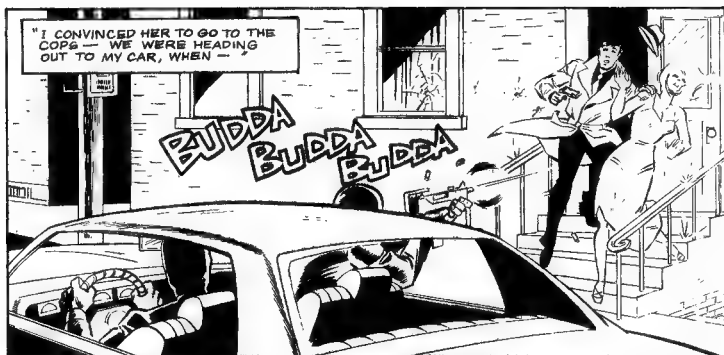


'AND **ERNIE** —
ERNIE STRANGLED
THE POOR WOMAN.'



WHEN... WHEN I FOUND OUT WHAT
THEY'D BOTH DONE, I GOT **HYSTERICAL** —
THEY SLAPPED ME AROUND —
I **RAN** ...





CONTINUED IN THIS ISSUE —

Ms. TREE 'MIST-TREE' *talk in* TREE'D







" I WAS JUST ACROSS FROM THE BANK WHEN I SAW IT — THE GUY WAS WEARIN' A SKI MASK — "



" I CHASED HIM, BUT LOST HIM WHEN HE ROUNDED THE CORNER — I THINK HE DUCKED INTO THE THEATER, HERE — "



YOU'RE NOT SURE ?

NO — JUST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMEBODY THAT MIGHT'VE BEEN HIM, BUT HE HAD THE MASK OFF —



AND WHEN I LOOK AROUND, TRYING TO SPOT HIM, I FIND THESE ON THE FLOOR IN THE AISLE OF THEATER 2 —



" THE THIEF DIDN'T PICK A RANDOM TARGET, EITHER — GUY'S A PRO — "

STOP HIM! I JUST CASHED A CHECK FOR \$2500.!



WELL, WE KNOW HE'S IN HERE — A MAN ALONE — ANY CHANCE YOU CAN MAKE HIM?

MAYBE — GOTTA TRY, ANYWAY — BACK ME UP, YOU TWO...





"DEATH, 'MIST-TREE" ^{tell} © 1985
DANGER and by MAX COLLINS
DIAMONDS" & TERRY BEATTY
ART ASSIST AND LETTERING: GARY KATO
3-D PROCESS: RAY ZONE

CHAPTER TWO: **HAWAIIAN ICE**

MY NAME IS MICHAEL TREE
— PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.
MY FEES RUN HIGH,
WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF THE BEST,
YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THAT.

SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, I
LOWER MY RATES — ALL
THIS HAWAIIAN CASE WAS
COSTING MY "BROTHER" P. I.,
MIKE MIST, WAS MY EXPENSES —

I THOUGHT HAWAII
WOULD PUT THE SPARK
BACK IN OUR MARRIAGE —
BUT I'M STILL BORED.

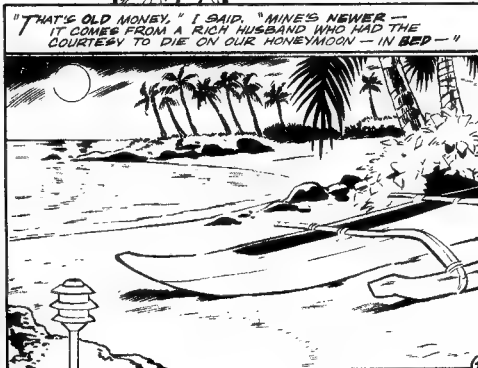
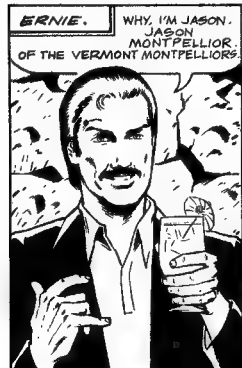
YOU'RE STILL
BORING,
YOU MEAN —

DON'T BE FOOLED BY OUR
PATTER. WE'RE NOT
REALLY ARGUING —
JUST AS WE'RE NOT REALLY
MAN AND WIFE...









I WOULD THINK A MAN
COULD DIE HAPPY
IN YOUR BED—

CARE TO
TRY?



HE WAS LOOKING AT ME GREEDILY—
WELL, NOT AT ME, EXACTLY.
THE SPARKLE IN HIS EYES WAS
HARDLY A REFLECTION OF MY CHARMS—



MIST AND I HAD GOTTEN TO HONOLULU THE DAY
BEFORE — WE'D CHECKED INTO THE EDGE BEACH
HOTEL, AN EXPENSIVE, EXCLUSIVE HOTEL WITH A
PRIVATE BEACH. THAT WAS WHERE THE LATE
CLARRISSE HAD TOLD MIST THAT BERT AND ERNIE
WOULD BE SEEKING RICH PICKINGS.





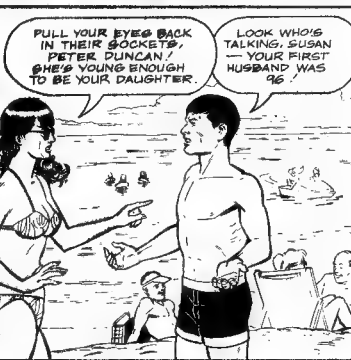
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE
THEY'LL USE A GIRL AGAIN?
WITH CLARISSE DEAD...



BERT AND ERNIE ALWAYS USE A WOMAN AS
BAIT. CLARISSE SAID THERE WAS A YOUNG
GIRL THEY'D USED RECENTLY, IN A MORE
ELABORATE SCAM — MY GUESS IS SHE'LL
BE PLAYING CLARISSE'S PART.



WE ATTRACTED SOME ATTENTION THAT
AFTERNOON — TIPPING BIG — TALKING
OF STOCK OPTIONS — MAKING SURE
OUR NAMES WERE BROADCAST — AND
BITING EACH OTHER'S HEADS OFF —



PULL YOUR EYES BACK
IN THEIR SOCKETS,
PETER DUNCAN!
SHE'S YOUNG ENOUGH
TO BE YOUR DAUGHTER.

LOOK WHO'S
TALKING, SUSAN
— YOUR FIRST
HUSBAND WAS
96



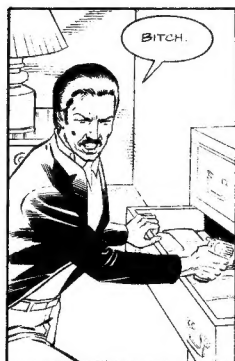
THEY WERE ROAMING THE BEACH,
LOOKING FOR PROSPECTS —

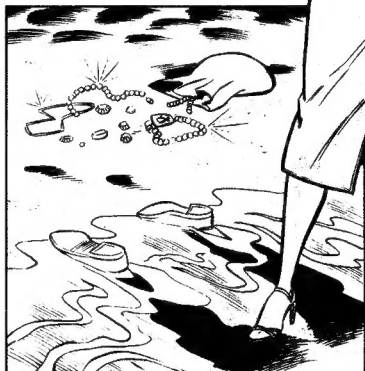
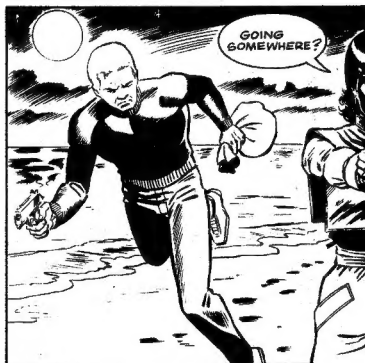
SEE THAT GUY?
GET HIS ATTENTION —
DON'T TALK TO HIM
YET, THOUGH...

PIECE
O' CAKE.









NEXT MONTH

Renegade

MAX COLLINS and
TERRY BEATTY'S

21

200
IN CANADA
170
IN U.S.

Ms. TREE™

DIE!
DIE!
DIE!

